TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

EDWARD BARBER

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REV. EDWARD BARBER

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

A VOLUME OF VERSE
IN SEVEN BOOKS

BY

EDWARD BARBER

AUTHOR OF SACRED SCRIPTURE IN SONG AND STORY

INTRODUCTORY BY DR. JAMES CRUTCHFIELD

LIBERTY, ARIZONA

BALTIMORE
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DEDICATION

To her who dared to face
Great gain or loss;
And share the strife of public life—
The crown and cross—
Who holds for me so dear a place—
Sweetheart and wife—
Who joined to mine her heart and hand and fate—
This little book I gladly dedicate

FOREWORD

Child of my dreams! Thou now must face
  The frigid facts of life:
Then be not slow in life's swift race;
  Be strong amid the strife!

Child of my thoughts! I bid thee speed,
  And seek to win thy way
To noble hearts; but give no heed
  To what the cynics say.

Child of my heart! I shall not fear:
  Yet I shall grateful be,
If critics prize thee half so dear,
  As thou hast been to me.

INTRODUCTORY

The accumulation of noble thoughts which the world has in its treasure house, garnered from the teeming brain of man, is its guarantee against mental famine in the future. He who adds to this store provides for posterity. A thought crystallized into word-forms becomes foundation material for the building of human character in a myriad of men who in turn become the foundation for some great and holy man who shall serve as an example for the ages. His character rests upon theirs as a mighty cloud-kissing peak rests upon a pile of mountains ranged about it. Men who write books elevate the race and make the great men. A good man's thoughts enrich the world.

Our author was a good man and his thoughts were high and exalted. In the short time he was granted to live he wrought well and the years to come will be better because he lived. He took his origin from the best stock of Maryland. His bearing and cast of mind was that of the aristocracy. Culture showed in all that he did. With ancestors active in the establishment of the first colleges of his state and noted among the men of letters of their time, he entered upon a life of research and study that would have placed him far in advance of his age if time had been granted him to live and pursue his aims. He was born at White Hall, his ancestral estate, near Gambrill's, Maryland, December 30, 1878, and died at Walla Walla, Washington, February 22, 1914.

He entered school early in his young manhood to prepare for a life in the ministry of the Gospel and made

conscientious preparation for this work. He spent about ten years in this vocation, six in Maryland and Virginia, and four in the Northwest, in Oregon and Washington. He was exceptionally gifted as a writer and orator and attracted many to his audiences who did not ordinarily attend divine services. He was in constant demand for addresses and speeches. He was both entertaining and instructive. He appealed to every man. He was a wholesome man personally. His humor was keen but without a sting. His view of life was optimistic and cheerful. His thoughts were high and noble. His presence in any circle gave assurance of conversation upon a high plane.

The Superintendent of the Washington State Penitentiary makes the following significant observation: "His term of service here was short—only a little over eight months, but long enough for him to make an indelible impression upon the hearts and minds of those with whom he came in contact. His sudden demise at the beginning of what promised to be a career of great usefulness in this institution, came as a shock to all, and left a vacancy that was hard to fill, but a precedent has been established that raised the standard of service in this institution."

He did all his work well. He gave to every man with whom he had association an impulse for good that must abide while time lasts.

JAMES CRUTCHFIELD.

Liberty, Arizona.

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BOOK I

PHILOSOPHY

A POINT

A line, my child, is merely a point in motion;
Which is a settled fact—not a foolish notion:
Your life is but a line, and, ere the time has fled,
You, first, should find the point; then, start it
straight ahead.

TWILIGHT

The sun has set, and now, with noiseless tread,
The twilight comes where dwelt the day;
And mingles with the daylight's crimson-red
The sombre hues of evening's grey;
The darkness falls; the rosy light
Is by the shadows put to flight.
Night's sable robe conceals
The sleeping earth
Till distant dawn reveals
The morning's birth.

The day of life has died; the afterglow
Alone remains to comfort me,
The silent shadows longer darker grow,
While all the rays of daylight flee:
The golden sun has sunk from sight,
And all around is dreary night.
O Lord, what e'er betide,
Thou knowest best;
Beneath Thy love I hide;
With Thee I rest.

THE CONQUEROR

Seek not to win vast wealth—
It must depart—
The love of gold should never hold
In chains thy heart:
Gold can not bear life's crucial test;
Wealth can not bring thee peace and rest.

Strive not for fleeting fame—
Men will forget—
The dust shall claim thy very name,
Thy star shall set:
Yea, all that thou shalt ever see
Will surely, shortly, cease to be.

Subdue thyself: within
Be thou a king.
This path alone unto a throne
Thy soul will bring.
Know thou thyself; thyself control;
For thus thy feet shall gain the goal.

THE FADING LEAF

Silently, softly, the shadows
Succeed departing day;
Silent and soft are the changes,
Which cause a leaf's decay:
Many and great are the tokens,
Which mark the aged year;
But, chief of them all, we notice
The leaves are growing sear.

Slowly, but surely, the summer,
With all its dust and heat,
Is giving place to the winter,
Which comes on noiseless feet;
The golden season of autumn,
By far the best of all,
Has come to bless with its beauty,
And leaves begin to fall.

The fate of human amibtion
We read upon the leaf;
Tho pleasure or fame reward us,
Our life at best is brief:
Tho dearest dreams may be cherished,
They soon must pass away;
The brightest hopes that have blossomed,
Like leaves, must all decay.

And yet, in leaves that are fading,
I see a clearer light
Than glows in the budding spring-time,
Or shines thru dewy night:
All colors of arching rainbow,
Displayed in bold relief,
Bright as the glories of sunset,
Adorn the withered leaf.

The falling leaf, if I listen,
Sings many songs to me;
And speaks of the walls of jasper,
Beyond the crystal sea:

It tells me of fadeless flowers—
This leaf so dry and old—
For, in the leaf that is fading,
I see the streets of gold.

BEYOND THE VALE

Sacred Song

(By courtesy of J. W. Jenkins Sons Music Co., Kansas City, Mo.)

Beyond the valley flows a rippling river,
With waters wide and current strong and deep,
With grassy banks by leafy boughs o'er shadowed,
Where I shall close my eyes in restful sleep;
I fain would sink exhausted by the wayside,
But struggle on beneath the summer heat;
For, when I reach the groves beside the river,
'Twill make my dreamless slumber doubly sweet.
Beyond the vale; beyond the vale
I see my couch by thoughtful Nature made:
The massive trees all stand to guard my tranquil sleep;
I hasten on to rest beneath the shade.

Beyond the valley marred by sinful conflicts,
I look and see the signs of Holy Peace;
Beyond earth's swamp I see the Heights of Heaven,
Where perfect love and bliss shall never cease:
Beyond all doubt I see the Fields of Knowledge,
Where sacred Truth adorns each heart and mind;
Beyond defeat I see the Mount of Triumph,
Upon whose brow full, sweet success I'll find.

Beyond the vale; beyond the vale
I see fair Fortune wave her hand to me:
With joy I haste to work beneath her magic wand;
Her will to learn; her happy child to be.

Beyond the valley, dark with gloomy grieving,
I see the stream which flows with bubbling joy;
Beyond despair the Hills of Hope are gleaming,
Within whose light grave Care can not annoy:
Beyond the bars oft made by human passion,
I see the land where every soul is free;
Beyond the tears of restless, fruitless wandering,
Bright faces smile beside the tideless sea.
Beyond the vale; beyond the vale
I see the Shore where Sin no heart can sting:
Both Faith and Hope unite in Love; for now I see
The great white throne, and hear the ransomed sing.

UNRESTING WINGS

The shadows soothe to sleep the weary day;
The rosy light
Pursues the sun along his golden way—
Then comes the night;
While twilight's flag is softly furled,
And darkness drapes the noiseless world.
Rest well, O day,
Till night is gone;
While shadows stay,
Sleep on! Sleep on!

While students toil, the evening hours glide by—
But where is rest?
The darkness finds and guards no sleeping eye,
For work is best?
Small sleep to weary brains is brought;
Night hurries on the wheels of thought.
Far off, the goal!
Till youth is gone,
Aspiring soul,
Toil on! Toil on!

The autumn wraps around the weary earth
Thick leaves of gold;
And draws them close that she may safely bear
The winter's cold:
Her robes resist the snow and sleet,
And make her slumber deep and sweet.
Rest well, O earth,
Till frost is gone;
In leafy berth,
Sleep on! Sleep on!

The wintry cold and ice of life have come,
And now, at last,
The feeble frame leaves not its sheltered home
To brave the blast;
But still the mind endures the test,
And still believes that toil is best.
Pause not, O mind,
Till life is gone;
The Truth to find,
Press on! Press on!.

SOLITUDE

Into the wilderness I go; and yet,
Tho far removed from men and every sign
Of human life, I do not feel alone:
The forest vast for me holds many friends;
Dear Nature's myriad voices sweetly speak:
I hear the robin's song; the whispering wind;
The roaring waterfall; the gentle tread
Of roaming beasts; the call of the cuckoo;
And, back of all, I hear the Mighty Voice
That fills each sound; for Nature breathes to me
The will, the plan, the love, of Nature's God.
But he who knows no kindred soul, nor feels
The answering throb of sympathetic heart—
Where'er his lot is cast; in country home,
In village small, or e'en in city great
He daily moves thru throngéd streets, and lives
Among the crowded marts of busy men—
He walks the solitary path alone.
To have no friend; no brother-breast; no soul
With which to join your own in all its dreams,
In all its hopes, ambitions, lofty aims—
Amid congested mobs to live apart—
Is loneliness: yea, this is solitude.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Fast sinks the glowing sun from sight,
  Soon dies the worn-out day;
The clouds hang low; and hurry night
  Upon its silent way:

But darkened earth will not forget
While stars their vigil keep,
The daybreak never failed it yet,
And broke its dreamless sleep.

The light that made my life a joy
Has spread its wings in flight;
All dark my path, while cares annoy,
And fears prolong the night:
But; weary Soul, do not forget,
While sorrow holds its sway,
The Daybreak never failed thee yet—
'Twill drive thy gloom away.

BY STILL WATERS

Out of the storm and strife;
Away from the gloom and the rain;
Leaving the dark, troubled life;
Forgetful of toil and of pain—
I soon shall rest;
Though fierce the storm beat,
In my sheltered retreat,
I'll laugh at the wind's restless night;
The angels of sleep long vigil will keep,
Protecting their child through the night—
Sweet shall I rest.

Into the struggle and fight
Surrounded by sin and by woe;
Battling for Truth and for Right,
Undaunted I forward shall go—
Wholly at peace;

Though harsh be the strife,
In the deep inner life
My spirit shall feel ne'er a shock;
I'll still be at rest, all happy and blest,
Abiding in Christ, the firm Rock—
Always at peace.

OUR LIVES

'Tis not extent of time that makes our lives:
The joy and woe we know, the good we do,
Control their winding ways, and fix their bounds.
What then, is time to growing souls? A year
Is but an atom of eternity:
A soul is more—a spark of the Divine,
It laughs at time; eternity alone
Can form its wide, its infinite domain.
To think, to feel, to will, and their results,
Are all of life; and, yet, how sweet to live!
Cool night and restful sleep construct anew
Each blooming day; and Love, with fingers deft,
Adorns each moment with a jewelled joy;
For love doth measure life; with it as king,
Our souls will blossom, sweeten, and expand:
Where Love is not, mad chaos reigns supreme—
Such lives are wrapped in gloom as dark as death.

"LET DOWN YOUR CUPS AND DRINK!"

For many days a vessel's crew had sailed the southern sea,
With ne'er a dream a mighty stream within their course might be:
As days to weeks did grow, the water tanks grew low,
Upon the salty sea.

Straight up the mast there climbed forthwith the swiftest
of the band;
And, perched on high, with eagle eye the trackless ocean
scanned:
As far as glass could reach, he saw no friendly beach;
Nor slightest sign of land.

Two days wore by. They met a ship upon the watery
rink;
And made all speed to tell their need; then, quick as they
could think,
Across the seeming brine came back the startling sign—
"Let down your cups and drink:
You are at the mouth of the Amazon."

O sailors on life's open sea, why let your spirits sink;
And yield to fear with help so near? For, nearer than
you think,
Yea, lying close at hand is all your souls demand—
"Let down your cups and drink!"

THE DREAMER

"How many dream," men often sing; "how very few
Will daily toil!" Yet we would bring our tribute true
To crown anew the hearts that dream; to us they seem
The salt to season man's sordid reason; the vision grand
To nerve the hand; the beacon light that leads to Right—
And to the dreamers, tho they fail,
We gladly shout, "All hail! All hail!"

A painter dreamed; he thought to make his name unknown
A star: he fancied he could take a master's throne—
"Twas but a dream—a dream alone—and not a gleam
Now shines; yet pictures from his brush did soothe some heart
Amid the rush of daily strife, did save a life
To beauty, truth, self-sacrifice;
He lost the dream, but gained the prize.

A poet dreamed; he longed to write soul-stirring songs
To guide the charge in earth's long fight against earth's wrongs:
Such never came; but nobler songs of brighter fame
He sang; and oft sweet, simple lays gushed from his heart,
On dreary days, the sad to cheer, the strong inspire;
He banished fear; on well-tuned lyre
He urged the soul to high desire.

A prophet dreamed: born from above, yet every man,
To win the world by force of love he formed the plan;
He then began the truth to preach ordained to reach
Beyond the sea—a dreamer, He—yet, by Love's might,
The whole world's Light, in mercy given to point to Heaven:
The God-like dreamer can not fail;
To Christ we cry—"All hail! All hail!"

LIGHT, LIFE, AND LOVE

"Let there be light!" God spake; and, o'er the world,
There came, forthwith, vast floods of glistening light,
That reached creation's bounds, embracing all:
The pulse of nature beat with quickened throb;
While planets, moons, and stars, alike rejoiced
To hear the mandate of the living God;
His great command—the first to bless His works.

Organic life Jehovah next did breathe
On vessels of His choice, and made them thrive:
All types He made—of every kind and form—
The protoplasmic mass; the primal germ;
The reptile, fish, and fowl, and beast, and man:
The last, indeed, he gave peculiar life—
A life that made him earthly and Divine.

This life of man! Ah, that we knew it all!
We do know this: it may descend to woe;
Yet may arise to joy Divine—What then?
The balance-wheel; the glowing gem that makes
Its weal or woe—God's noblest gift to man—
Is what? Come, hear the vital, changeless truth:
Creation's matchless masterpiece is Love!

Light, Life, and Love! These mighty three suggest
All things we know; both human and Divine:
The mental self; the soul; the unseen life;

Can be portrayed by these and quickly told:
Existence first; then Light, that makes us know;
Then Life, by which we work and move; then Love;
Which fills the life, and floods the soul with joy.

THE QUIET PATHWAY

Take me away from the city's harsh strife
To the meadows green and wide;
Let me forget all the burdens of life,
Where the crystal waters glide:
Take me once more to the thick, peaceful pines—
Far into the sheltering wood—
Where music soft with rich fragrance combines;
Where Nature reveals the Good.
O, take me far from the din and the roar;
The rush of the crowded street:
O, take me back to the forest once more,
Where Nature and I may meet!

Take me away from the close, narrow den,
Where money and fame are made;
Take me away to the glade and the glen,
Far off from the marts of trade:
Let me forget all the envy and greed,
So often found in the heart;
Lingering there, let me guard every deed,
And keep from evil apart.
O, take me far from the doubtful and wrong:
Let Right all my powers employ;
Where nature charms with her rapturous song,
With duty one grand, sweet joy.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

Tho seldom stirred by sinful strife,
I yet desire to learn
The larger, fuller, freer life—
To solve the secret blest which brings eternal rest;
For which my heart did yearn.

While slowly pondering o'er and o'er,
How happiness is won,
Amid earth's restless, ceaseless roar,
There spake to me a voice—"Rest crowns not idle choice;
But duty bravely done!"

I yet can hear that strong, sweet voice
Which came my life to bless;
And made my heart and soul rejoice:
I'll ask no more, accept no less; for true success
Alone brings happiness.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN

I often ask a lighter task
That I may do;
With spirit bold I spurn the old,
And seek the new:
But, to my hand, comes this command—
"Thy duty do,
And I will share thy crushing care;
Be only true!"

With weary eye, I wonder why
I can not see
The light of day upon my way
To comfort me;
But, uttered near, I clearly hear
This firm decree—
"Plod bravely on till night is gone;
The gloom shall flee!"

While I abide in pain's strong tide,
And wordless woe,
God's will I learn; His ways discern;
And this I know:
He seeks by pain to cleanse from stain,
And cause to grow;
Beneath the press of woe's caress,
Pure waters flow.

THE INNER LIFE

Our deepest thoughts breathe not in words: the mind
Seeks not its treasured secrets to disclose;
Within itself is held; forgets all else;
Knows not the outer world; but dwells alone.
The heart of man, when darkest is its woe,
Can find no tears; when deepest is its love,
No voice of joy is heard: sweet silence reigns
Where Love is queen, and ecstasy enthralls.
And when the mighty soul is strongly moved,
It breathes no sigh: within fierce tempests swell;
But listening ear and watchful eye detect

No storm: the Dove of Peace appears enthroned
Such is our inner life: the world knows not
Its joys and woes; its doubts; its hopes; its dreams.
When struggles stern and long engage our minds,
Our hearts, our souls, we keenly feel the strain;
When joy divine unfolds her wings of light,
Our natures bloom—all bright and sweet our paths:
Without, ofttimes, no tear, no smile is seen;
Our life or death goes on; but all is still.

BOOK II

RELIGION

THE ARITHMETIC OF RELIGION

To add to the sum of human happiness:
To subtract from the quantity of woe
That is in the world: to multiply joy:
To divide and destroy human sorrow
Of every form: to gain by giving all—
When thus to living faith we add good works,
We thereby take away the strength of sin;
And daily grow in grace Divine, erewhile
All vice succumbs; divided, then destroyed.

THE PENITENT

Come Thou into my life,
  O Jesus, come;
Bring to my heavy heart
  The joy of home:
Then shall my struggling soul
  Find sweet release;
Dwell in Thy perfect love,
  And know Thy peace.

Oh, let Thy purity
  My zeal inspire;
Be to each evil thought
  A breath of fire:
Then shall all base desires,
  Forever flee;
I shall be wholly Thine,
  And live for Thee.

QUO VADIS

(*Whither goest thou?*)

Whither are my footsteps tending?
This vital breath,
Sweetly with my spirit blending—
Can this mean death?

But why these struggles in my soul?
This deadly strife;
This force of sin beyond control—
Can this mean life?

This weight of sin; this woe; these tears—
Do these mean Hell?
Will Christ redeem and banish fears;
All gloom dispel?

Father in Heaven! Reveal, I pray,
My path to me!
Shall I not see the sinless day?
Shall I be free?

Where am I now? Where shall I be
While ages fly?
O Father, shall I dwell with Thee?
Or, shall I die?

HE IS MINE: I AM HIS

Jehovah God! My heavenly King!
To Thee alone
Is due the tribute I would bring
Before Thy throne:
Thy loyal subject I would be;
And live my humble life for Thee.

Blest Sun of Love! Tho oft I leave
The path of right;
And oft Thy Holy Spirit grieve—
I seek the light:
Pray, on my darkened pathway shine;
And make my spirit blend with Thine.

Master of men! The hour is late;
O hear my call:
I come to Thee to work or wait—
I give up all.
Thy faithful servant I would be;
And use my talents all for Thee.

Shepherd of souls: Tho oft I stray
To sin untold,
I yet would learn the better way,
And join Thy fold.
Lord, help me still Thy grace to keep,
And still protect Thy wandering sheep.

Father Divine! I am Thy child;
Teach me Thy will:

Tho oft I roam in deserts wild;
I love Thee still.
I can not live from Thee apart;
Take Thou my mind, my soul, my heart.

LIFE-YEARNINGS

I yearn to be brave:
Brave to face the uncertainties of life;
Brave to endure the thrusts of traitor-friends;
Brave to work or wait, as my Master bids.

I yearn to be strong:
Strong to bear the burden of my life-work;
Strong to withstand temptation's fierce assaults;
Strong to relieve distress in all its forms.

I yearn to be true:
True to self, to God, and to brother-man;
True to the holy light that warms my breast;
True to the Christ who taught the way of Truth.

I yearn to be free:
Free from all sin of thought and word and deed;
Free from all prejudice of mind and heart;
Free from all weights which make men less like God.

Courage and Strength, Truth and Freedom; these four:
Lord, grant me these! What could I yearn for more?

KNOCKING

REVELATION, 3:20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Hark! I hear a gentle rapping
At my trembling, throbbing heart;
Some one at its door is tapping—
Shall I bid my guest depart?

Who has come, while time so fleeting,
Mingles night with dying day?
Shall I give him joyful greeting?—
Shall I turn a friend away?

Lo! it is my Master lowly,
He Who saves from death and sin;
Yet I linger, thinking slowly—
Shall I let my Savior in?

Still He stands, and still is knocking—
Knocking at the fast-closed door,
Which my hand, in haste unlocking,
Opens now to close no more.

Ah, thrice blesséd was the hour
When I welcomed to my breast
Jesus and His saving power,
To abide and keep me blest!

THE CLOUDLESS VISION

Beneath a somber cloud of sin,
All night I strove in vain to win;
In dire despair I beat the air,
  For the seal of fate seemed set:
But blindly yet again I fought,
And in the gloom for God I sought—
From my disgrace God hid His face;
  And the night grew darker yet.

On, up, I climbed into the mist,
Which all my struggles did resist;
Yet, in the night, I saw the light,
  Tho, indeed, a slender ray:
My steps were slow, my strength near gone,
But, spurred by hope, I stumbled on;
Passed thru the cloud, which seemed a shroud,
  And beheld the break of day.

Upon the mountain-crest I stand,
Obedient to my Lord's command;
Like ships remote the sin-clouds float—
  Far above all storms I dwell:
God's radiant glory now I see,
And Christ is all in all to me:
The cloud-veiled past is dead at last,
  And I know that all is well.

SINAI, OLIVET, AND PENTECOST

Thy glory I have seen, O God;
But in the afterglow:
Wilt Thou not grant to show
To my dim, mortal sight Thy strongest, brightest light?
The full and fadeless flower of all Thy love and power
I ever seek to know.

Thy gentle, soothing touch, O Christ,
I often gladly feel;
But wilt thou not reveal
More clearly yet to me thy work in Galilee;
And cause Thy perfect life to quell all earthly strife;
My every wound to heal?

I hear Thy voice, O Holy Ghost;
Thou dost abide with me:
But I would yield to Thee
Not of my love a part, but all my yearning heart—
Guide then my wayward will; for me Thy plan fulfill:
All Thine I long to be.

THE BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM

Bright was the moment when the Christ-child came
to earth,
Leaving his mansion for a manger-berth;
In His love consenting to a life of shame and woe,
That all men, repenting, might the Father know.
Brighter, far brighter, shines our guiding star today;
Brighter, far brighter, gleams the Spirit's ray.

Sweet were the anthems which announced the Savior's
birth,
Sweetest of music that e'er blest this earth;
'Twas the angels' greeting as the sun proclaims the morn,
In their joy repeating—"Now the Child is born!"
Sweeter, far sweeter, sing the heav'nly choirs today;
Sweeter, far sweeter, now the ransomed pray.

Dear is the story of the Man of Galilee,
Healing all sickness, making captives free;
With his face all beaming with the light that burned
within,
As he came redeeming human hearts from sin.
Dearer, far dearer, is the Truth I now can see;
Dearer, far dearer, is the Christ to me.

FATHER AND CHILD

"The way is long and hard, Father:
My weary feet
Can scarcely keep the path so steep,
Thru tropic heat; my aching brow
Can barely stand life's stern demand—
I need Thee now."

The Father hears, and, with the word,
His form appears:
"Wrong yields to Right; sad heart, be bright;
Forget all fears; all doubtings drown:
For thee, if thou wilt faithful be,
I hold a crown."

"The earth is waste and wide, Father:
I find no track
In all the sand that makes the land—
Shall I turn back? Where shall I go?
With gentle speed, wilt Thou not lead
Where waters flow?"

"Tho waste and wide the earth, my child,
If thou obey,
And yield thy hand to my command,
Thou shalt not stay in parching heat:
To bubbling spring I soon will bring
Thy toil-worn feet."

"The sea is rough and deep, Father:
My fragile bark
May find its grave beneath the wave,
Which leaves no mark when all is o'er:
I strive to steer, but yield to fear,
While far from shore."

"Tho rough and deep the sea, my child,
Thy boat shall ride
The mighty storm and know no harm—

I am thy Guide: the shining Shore
Will be the beach thy boat shall reach
When all is o'er."

"The night is densely dark, Father:
I can not see
A tiny ray to light my way—
Where can I be? If Thou lov'st me,
Wilt Thou not come and take me home
To dwell with Thee?"

"Tho densely dark the night, my child,
I am thy Light:
Look then to me, and thou shalt see
Thy way is bright: dismiss all fear!
No darkness deep can hide my sheep—
Lo! I am near!"

"Another foe I fear, Father—
Almighty Death!
Shall slumber deep upon me creep,
And steal my breath? I can not bear
In death to sleep and silence keep—
No hope is there."

"Yes, death must come, my troubled child;
But I am Life;
A balm I bring to heal death's sting,
And quell death's strife: I own thy breath:
Then calmly wait and fear no fate—
I conquer death!"

MY AMBITION

What shall I be? As far as sinful heart
Permits within a sin-cursed world, I wish
To be a perfect man, as pure and strong
As He who never knew a single stain:
I wish to be God's loving, sinless child.

What shall I know? All that will lead my
thoughts,
My soul to God: I long to know His will;
His attributes—to see Him as He is.

What shall I do? What He commands; no more,
I long to help my struggling fellow-men;
To speak some word of cheer, perform some act
That may direct their thoughts to seek their
God;
To tell to them His messages of love;
Write some thing that will live when I am dead
And ever stay to bless when I am gone.

I long to be God's faithful child; to grow
By giving all; to know, love, praise and serve
My Lord; and at the end to dwell with Him.

MOMENT BY MOMENT

The dim and distant years, My Lord,
I do not ask to see;
But let Thy cheering light illume my soul's dark
night,
Where now I chance to be!

The strength that conquers future foes,
O Christ, I do not ask;
But grant Thy mighty power to serve the present hour,
And help perform my task!

Stretch forth Thy hand, O Holy Ghost,
To guide me now, I pray;
That I may safely keep the upward pathway steep,
That leads to endless day.

My needful bread, blest Trinity,
I ask just for today;
For I shall ever live if Thou dost daily give—
For this I humbly pray.

Thus, Father, Son, and Spirit, bless
My weak yet yearning soul:
Teach me to trust to Thee; Thy way alone to see,
While endless ages roll!

FROM MOUNTAIN TO PLAIN

On Hermon's lofty crest we see
Jesus, encircled by His chosen Three:
They pray; and lo! like burnished gold,
His wondrous visage gleams, while saints of old
Both come and go: a voice resounds thru cloud-land dim—
"This is my belovéd Son; hear ye Him!"
Bold Simon speaks—and well he meant—
"Let each spread here his everlasting tent!"

Far, far below, in direct need,
A lunatic awaits the healing deed:
Christ's deity is soon revealed;
For, at His word, the dread disease is healed.
Almost a score of centuries have gone, but still
Rings clear the message of the holy hill:
The voice divine, the heavenly glow,
Are sent for service on the plain below!

RESIGNATION

My will, O God all-wise,
I now resign;
And humbly pray to learn Thy way—
Make my will Thine!

My mind, O God of Truth,
Illume with light;
That it may shine with Truth Divine,
And think aright.

My heart, O God of Love,
Enlarge, inspire;
That it may know the healing glow
Of holy fire.

My eyes, All-seeing One,
Make bright and clear;
That all I see may mirror Thee,
And bring Thee near.

My ears, O God of Sound,
Attune to Thee;
That far and near my soul may hear
The shoreless sea.

My hands, Almighty God,
With strength endue;
That they may bear each daily care,
Remaining true.

My feet, O Light Divine,
I pray Thee, guide;
That they may speed where Thou dost lead,
Whate'er betide.

My life, Jehovah God,
Make full, refine;
That it may bless, relieve distress,
And grow like Thine.

MY ELDER BROTHER OF THE STORMY SEA

Ten thousands leagues I journeyed restlessly,
While my spirit yearned for peace;
But I found no balm my heart to calm,
And my soul gained no release:
Yet when I hoped no more, above the waves wild roar,
I heard a clear, strong call:
"Brother, you are weary, your way is lone and dreary,
And your view of life is small—

Forsake, tired heart, your fruitless quest;
Come unto me and learn to rest!"

I marveled at the sweetness of such rest,
But felt so strangely weak;
Then, to my soul's deep dearth, there came a
voice of kingly birth—
Gentle and full, and uttered near,
Its music banished all my fear:
"Put your weak arm in mine,
And I will give you strength divine!"
I recognized my faithful Guide, and ran at once
to reach His side—
'Twas the same friend who brought sweet rest
to me;
"My Elder Brother of the stormy sea."

COME, HOLY SPIRIT

Hear my pleading, Holy Spirit;
Be my hope, my guide, my friend:
Fill me ever with Thy presence;
Take, and keep me to the end.

Thru the surging waves of sorrow,
Be my pilot and my light;
Lead me ever on my journey
Till my faith is lost in sight.

When temptation's storms assail me;
When wild breakers dash and roar;

Be Thou near to guard and comfort—
Land me safe on Canaan's shore.

Then, at last, when death shall conquer
This frail form, take me above
To dwell ever with my Father,
In His home of lasting love.

OBEDIENCE

MATTHEW, VI:10,

"Thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven."

Take Thou my will, dear Lord,
Make it Thine Own;
And may it ever bow
Before Thy throne;
E'en though my path should lead
Through thorns and tears;
Still let Thy Love direct,
And banish fears.

Take all I have, my Lord,
Though poor it be;
All that my work will win
I'll yield to Thee;
And though my pride should seek
From Thee to stray,
Yet hold my hand in Thine;
Teach me Thy way.

Thus would I serve Thee, Lord,
In joy or pain;
And through the darkest night
Would true remain:
And when the warp and woof
Of life is spun,
Still shall I sing, in heaven
"Thy will be done."

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE

Come, Faith, support my wavering soul to stand,
And scorn to yield;
In struggles stern inspire my heart and hand—
Be thou my shield:
Against temptation's storm and fiercest foe
Make me thy power to feel, thy strength to know.

Life-giving Hope, fair daughter of dark grief,
Stay by my side;
And to my burdened heart bring sweet relief—
Be thou my guide:
Thruout the night of doubt and woe and tears
Do thou attend, and put to flight all fears.

Immortal Love, best comrade of the three,
Come at my call;
Proclaim the day and bid the darkness flee—
Be all in all:
Dispel all gloom; bid every sin depart;
Fill thou my mind, my life, my soul, my heart.

LIGHT AMID DARKNESS

The sun, long since, in clouds enrolled,
  Concealed his form from sight—
The day is damp and drear and cold,
  And dark as sable night:
But, as for me, the clouds in vain
  Will vent their pent-up power;
I know no sorrow, feel no pain,
  For peace crowns every hour.

Weep on, dark clouds, with all your might,
  Ye can not me annoy;
For me there is no dreary night,
  My heart is full of joy:
And, tho the sun may hide from view,
  And long his face conceal,
Faith in my heart shall still shine true,
  A brighter sun reveal.

The storm may beat, the clouds may roll;
  The billows dash and break:
They can not harm an anchored soul;
  That soul they can not shake.
Upon Eternal Truth I stand;
  And, tho all dark above,
I know no gloom on sea or land:
  I dwell in perfect love.

Sweet is the soul from sin set free;
  And sweeter still shall grow,

Till Heaven's beauty it shall see,
And all its glories know:
Then let us strive such souls to own;
Pure, spotless, let us be!
May all surround the great, white throne
Thru all eternity!

THE TWO HOMES

Far away from all my youthful heart has loved,
Thruout this weary world I sadly roam;
Yet oft before my mind there comes a picture
Of that sweet spot, my boyhood's happy home:
Not all the busy hours of middle manhood
Can hide from me those scenes, which warm my heart;
The dearest playmates of my blissful childhood
Have gone above, and we must dwell apart.
Come, take me back to my dear old country home;
And bring my darling mother back to me;
Bring back the soul that bless'd my morning moments;
And let me lisp my prayers at mother's knee.

But in vain we strive to check the flying years—
We can not live in the beloved past—
Still I can see, beyond these views so transient,
A dearer home where I shall rest at last:
Then, Father, guide my feeble footsteps upward,
And let Thy light illume my tear-dimmed eyes;
O, gently lead me toward my longed-for haven,
Until I reach my home beyond the skies.

Lord, take me to my home of crystal splendour,
Soon as the tide of life shall ebb away;
O take me to Thy house of many mansions,
With Thee to dwell in the eternal day.

A SABBATH WITHOUT A SERMON

I can not preach today; how much I miss
My Sabbath joys I find no words to tell!
To worship in the House of God is sweet—
How small we oft do hold its priceless worth!
Then think how much it means to tell to men
God's whisperings of changeless love; to stand
Before the gathered throng; to know you face
A mass of hungry souls—of dying men;
To tremble, as you think what may depend
Upon your words; to feel the mighty touch
Of moving thoughts; the sympathetic throb
Of kindred hearts; the quick, magnetic thrill
That wings its way from soul to brother-soul;
To speak a word for Him who lived, and died,
And rose, to save your life—All that these mean
Is known to him alone who feels them all,
The privilege, how great! How doubly great
The thought of duty done or undischarged!
Yet God can make us meet the crucial test,
But none of these today—I calmly wait:
Alone with God, I think and dream and pray;
O Father, guard these many precious souls,
Help me to be a preacher, plain, yet kind;
A pastor true: above all else, O Lord,
For this I pray—to be a Christ-like man!

THE MOUNTAIN GAP

I dwell within a narrow vale,
Inclosed by cliffs too steep to scale,
And I possess no map:
With lofty ranges all around,
I seem to be a captive bound,
But I believe there can be found
A mountain gap.

Dismayed by foes and closely pressed,
I yield myself to troubled rest;
Then, rousing from my nap,
I bravely face my foes untold,
And fight them with a spirit bold;
Then, in the distance I behold
The mountain gap.

Within a lonely den of sin,
The mountain ranges shut me in,
And the mists about me wrap;
But immortal Love dispels my doubt,
Dispersing shadows dark without:
Thru crystal light comes to my sight
The mountain gap.

Within the narrow vale of death,
I'll soon be forced to yield my breath;
But I fear no mishap:
For Faith will thru the mountains come,
And lead my deathless spirit home—
No gloom for me, for I can see
The mountain gap.

GETHSEMANE

Deep and dark the shades of night o'erhang Gethsemane;
No cheerful star illumes the Syrian sky;
But deeper, darker still is the starless, cheerless woe
Which clouds the Savior's breast as death draws nigh:
The traitor's kiss, the crown of thorns, all Golgotha's gloom
Cause even the Prince of Peace to sigh and groan:
His disciples all asleep, exiled from sympathy,
The Nazarene, in anguish, prays alone—
"O, Father, if possible, let this cup pass from me!"
Thus Jesus humbly pleads with human tears;
But the Christ of God inspires the Man of Galilee;
Sustains the shrinking flesh; dispels all fears:
And, in obedience, firmly adds the Incarnate Son—
"Nevertheless, O Lord, not My will but *Thine* be done!"

Low and large the clouds of doubt that veil my lonely heart!
No ray of hope to cheer my struggling soul!
But lower, larger yet hang the mists of treachery
Which from my dreary life seem loathe to roll:
The Judas-friends, the mocking mob, and the woful weight
Of malice and of envy, which I bear,
All unite to make for me a soul's Gethsemane;
Conspire to form a Calvary of despair—
"O Lord, if possible, save me from this daily cross!"
Thus oft and fervently my lips would say:
But Jesus, Redeemer, Hero of Gethsemane,
Thou King of Kings, teach me in faith to pray
That I the path of right may never shun—
"Not my will, Holy Father, but Thine, but Thine be done!"

SIGN BOARDS TO SUCCESS

Have faith in God: not as a silent force
Without a name, Enigma Grand, an X
Unknown; but as a Spirit Infinite
In Presence, Power, and Love, revealed to all
In nature, history, and Christ, and life;
A Friend to all, Companion great and kind;
But more; *your* Friend, *your* Comrade, and *your* God.

Have faith in all your fellow-men; yes, all;
For in each one tho deep and dark his sin,
There glows some fire of God; tho blind are we:
Explore with hope and prayer, and you will find
The priceless spark, tho small it be, and dim
Its light: search on and on, for God is there;
Make haste, and fan into immortal flame.

Have faith in your own self: not what you *are*,
But what you *may become:* for God, indeed,
Has for each life some plan: He has for *yours*
A destiny above your dreams; within
Your soul he placed a mine of gold for you
To work: believe and strive look far beyond,
Where all your faith shall glorify your God.

Believe, again I say, in God; believe
Your fellow man; yourself: Believe, pray, work—
This trinity will bring Success Divine!

MY FATHER KNOWS

I will watch and pray:
No human skill can tear apart
The veil that shields my naked heart,
Revealing all my inner way—
My Father knows.

Dauntless I will stand:
God's ways I can not comprehend;
But I believe He is my Friend,
And I obey His clear command—
My Father knows.

I will struggle still:
The yearnings of my sin-scarred soul,
Temptation's tides, which o'er me roll,
While holy dreams my spirit fill—
My Father knows.

I will be content:
The future far I can not see;
And yet I trust "He leadeth me."
My angel-guides by Him are sent—
My Father knows.

THE MISSIONARY

The witness of the Christ is he
Who bears the cross which Jesus bore;
Whose love extends beyond the sea,
Yet heeds the heathen at his door.

Who daily stoops to lift the low,
  And incarnates His gospel true,
He does what Christ would have him do,
  And goes where Christ would have him go.
Who shares his food, his purse, his light—
  Renouncing self wherever sent—
With souls astray in sin's dark night—
  He treads the way the Master went.
The work must *everywhere* be done:
The home and foreign cause is one.

RECLAIMED

Rebellion ruled my heart: my stubborn will
Refused to yield to any law until
One smote me with an iron rod—
And then I recognized my God.

Resentment cursed my heart with spiteful hate,
While I bemoaned the bitterness of fate:
I crushed to dust the blood-stained thorn;
And as it perished, peace was born.

Remorse had almost poisoned all my life,
And made me yearn to leave all earthly strife:
A brother's pain I sought to ease:
And thus was healed my own disease.

Reclothed, restrengthened, in truth, reborn,
I see the beauty of another morn:
My needful lessons I have learned;
The flush of life has all returned.

BOOK III

FRIENDSHIP

AU REVOIR

"For parting is such sweet sorrow,"
Tho oft we sigh;
Yet how sad shall be the morrow,
Which means—"Good-by:"
We can not see a tiny way
Beyond the bright and blest today.

In all the joys of countless days,
I shall not find,
In all my pleasant works and ways,
Your merry mind:
Pray, whither do your footsteps tend?
How will you answer, little friend?

Tho many, many miles divide
Your path from mine;
Across the lonely distance wide,
A light shall shine:
And, while that light its aid shall lend,
I still shall see my little friend.

Altho the icy North may claim
Your mind and heart;
Until you change your maiden name,
We shall not part:
Where'er your happy life you spend,
You still shall be my little friend.

In all your meditations sweet—
So far away—
While bosom friends you daily meet,
I yet would say:
While many joyous hours you spend,
Remember this—I am your friend.

Allow me, still, one word to say,
Before you go;
That, ere you take your tranquil way,
You this may know:
By night and day, till life shall end,
May God protect my little friend!

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP

"Platonic friendship! purest, brightest gem
That life can bring from all its hopes and joys—
The jewels which atone for all earth's dross—
Grant thou to me, I pray, to clearly see
Thy brilliant light, the beauty of thy form!"
E'en thus I felt and spoke; too young to know
Life's worth; the scope of its desires; the aims;
The plans; the longings of the human soul—
The unknown soul, which comes we know not whence,
Remaining now 'mid fleeting joy and woe;
And then, departing, leaves no track nor trace.
And yet to me it seemed my wish were made
By law; what else could make a wish exist?
A wish is but a choice, a pet desire;
And why should we desire a joy beyond

Our power to reach, our efforts to attain?
And so to me my wish seemed true and real;
As real in fact as life—tho who can prove
That life is not a dream, a gentle sleep,
In which we dimly see Eternal Truth;
And Death the gate that leads to knowledge full,
And sweeter joys than bards have ever sung?
But, gentle Muse, lead not into the realms
Unknown: Philosophy is not for thee—
Draped deep in doubt it holds for thee no charms—
Be this thy creed: "That which we feel, we know:"
Then shall I know I have not wished in vain;
For I have felt the speechless joy that comes
From union with a kindred mind—that joy
Which lifts the soul above life's dreary plain
Of earth-born hopes and fears and crushing cares
To soar into the realms of Fancy fair,
And there to roam, unhampered and untouched
By bonds of flesh which fain would weigh it down.
Near by Elysian flowers bloom; and rich
The scent which sweetly fills the breezes cool;
While birds of song do matchless music make:
The light of heaven shines full and free around,
And perfect peace, Divine, embraces all.
Here would I live forever, and enjoy
The purest, brightest life that minds can lead—
To know and feel, yea, *make* each other's thoughts—
But now, perchance, I dream: All that we love
To build soon crumbles into shapeless dust;
No ruin marks the place—its fate seems sealed—
But Memory lives; and ever and anon

Unlocks the heart of fate; reveals the sighs
Concealed in throbbing breasts; and bids us hope
Once more to meet those friends who led our minds
Beyond earth's tears, and filled our souls with light.

A FRIEND INDEED

True friends are priceless gifts of God,
Of brilliant hue:
They shed their light thru earth's dark night;
And they are few. They shine as stars.
If such a boon to thee is given,
Be well content; its source is heaven.
May such a friend thy steps attend!

Who is "A Friend Indeed?" Not he
Who loudly sings,
In tuneful lays, false notes of praise;
Not he who brings rich Grecian gifts:
But rather he who bravely dares
To wound; nor fears to burn the tares.
A friend indeed will meet thy need.

He who, with sympathetic voice,
In love, reveals
Where I am weak; nor fails to speak
Whate'er he feels, HE is my friend:
Tho harsh the truth his words impart,
He earns the incense of my heart.
His praise I sing: to him I cling.

He who directs my course to heights,
Above my dreams;
Or helps me reach the distant beach
Where triumph gleams, he is a gem
Of purest kind: his soul doth shine
With light that proves itself divine.
I'll gladly speed where he doth lead.

He who illumes my clouded mind,
When I am sad;
And comes to bless amid distress,
And makes me glad—he is my friend:
For smypathy divides our woes,
And adds to joys; while rapture grows.
Thus friendship sweet is made complete.

Who ne'er forsakes, but loyal stands
Thru thick and thin;
Who stems the fight where might seems right,
And makes Truth win—a friend indeed
Is he: no king can ever claim
A brighter crown, a nobler name.
Let songs ascend! All, hail, my *friend!*

MRS. EDWARD BARBER

BOOK IV

LOVE

A RECIPE

If, gentle reader, you would know
The fatal strength of Cupid's bow;
Lay bare your breast to Cupid's dart,—
And he will pierce you to the heart!

UNDERTONES

My sweetheart's voice enchanteth me,
As surges when they kiss the shore;
Like gentle murmurs from a distant sea,
Where I have worshipped oft before;
As love-nymphs in the forest free,
That sing more sweetly than in years of yore—
And make their music all for me.

Her eyes, far clearer than the morning star,
Illume my heart throughout the night;
Direct my footsteps where the blessed are,
And flood my soul with hallowed light.
O soulful eyes, aglow with yearning,
Like royal crowns with jewels rare bedight
Brown eyes, for me forever burning!

Her queenly lips and flowing, dark-brown tresses
Have felt the sweet, soft angel-touch;
And sacred is her brow, the shrine of love's caresses.
Her love, divinely warm, is such
I long, I long with her to dwell!
Forever tho' I sing, I could praise her none too much—
My Mary, of Immanuel!

ANGELINE

Come back, O dulcet days of long ago,
That I may feel once more
The golden joys I used to know
In the treasured years of yore:
O bless again the blissful scene
With Angeline;
Fair Angeline!

How swift the moments bright of by-gone hours!
They passed like autumn's leaves!—
As drops of dew forsake the flowers,
While the lovely garden grieves:
But still the memory is green
Of Angeline;
Dear Angeline!

How kind the shelter of the fragrant pines,
In the dear days of old!
How softly breathed the love-kissed vines,
While the words of love were told!—
And queen of all the charming scene
Was Angeline;
Sweet Angeline!

How tenderly I clasped her throbbing form
Close to my throbbing heart!—
And swore to shield from every storm;
Swore our ways should never part;
Yea, swore no fate my heart could wean
From Angeline;
My Angeline!

But who can read the page of cruel fate?
How harsh its dire decree!
It seemed that love had turned to hate:
Hate of Angeline for me.
No brush can paint that tearful scene—
Cold Angeline!
Proud Angeline!

'Tis only in the past I now can live—
How drear my lonely life!
How freely would my heart forgive
All, were Angeline my wife!
But now a treeless-waste is seen—
O Angeline!
Lost Angeline!

Is this life *all?* Shall we not meet once more,
Forgetting all the past?—
Upon the painless, silver Shore
Shall we not unite at last?
Or, shall some barrier come between
My *risen* soul
And Angeline?

Shall not the old bliss bloom and never fade,
In the far world of stars?
Shall not the debt of love be paid
Where no evil ever mars?—
Where naught of earth can ever wean
My yearning heart
From *Angeline?*

I WOULD NOT CHANGE YOU

If I could change you, love, into a cherub,
With flawless form and wings complete;
Into a cherub, dear, I would not change you—
You are too sweet!

I would not change you, dear, into a jewel,
That glistens with a matchless glare;
For in your love-kissed eyes and hair is beauty
I deem more rare.

If I could change you, love, into a landscape,
That slumbers in the moon's pale hue;
A landscape, dear, my heart would never wish you—
You are too true!

I would not change you, dear, into a flower,
Whose fragrance fills the balmy air;
For in your precious soul is purest perfume,
Beyond compare.

If I could change you, sweet, into a sunset,
That floods the world with golden light;
Into a sunset, love, I would not change you—
You are too bright!

I would not change you, dear, into a *stella*,
That twinkles on its throne afar;
For, in a sweeter sense, and so much nearer,
You are my star!

O sweetest of the sweet! I would not change you;
Except, alone, to such degree
As that your heart might never, never deem you
Too sweet for me!

DO YOU LOVE ME, LITTLE SWEETHEART?

Do you love me, little sweetheart?
I would like so much to know;
I would read your dearest secret,
While your roses come and go:
Let me look once more, my darling,
In those orbs of deepest blue;
For, altho all else deceive me,
Still I know *your eyes* are true.

Do you love me, little sweetheart?
I would give the world to know:
Can you spurn my earnest pleading?
If you love me, *tell* me so.

In my sleep I oft am dreaming
Of the girl so dear to me;
Soft and sweet I hear her whisper,
While her face I clearly see;
And to me her heart is saying—
"I have always loved but you!"
Do you love me, little sweetheart?
Can it be my dreams are true?

BEAUTIFUL BELLS

Clearly ring the wedding bells,
  While brightly smiles the sun;
Their crystal notes the listener tells
  That Cupid's wiles have won:
  And fitly may the clear bells ring,
For faith is strong, and hope is king.

Gladly ring the brazen bells,
  And spread the news about,
O'er hills and plains, and streams and dells,
  Unmarred by cloud or doubt:
And may no stress of storm betide
The happy groom, the joyful bride!

Softly ring the silver bells,
  As velvet-tones to thee;
For now their melody foretells
  The future soon to be:
The sturdy man, the graceful wife;
The deeper love, the larger life.

Sweetly ring the golden bells,
  With blessings rich replete;
And o'er and o'er their language spells
  Thy happiness complete:
May heavenly chimes thine ears entice,
And make thy home love's paradise!

MY VALENTINE

Again has come the merry time,
  The dawning of the joyous day,
When all our thoughts will run to rhyme;
  When boys are happy, girls are gay;
When every post-card, every line,
Reminds us of Saint Valentine!

But now, this year, who can it be
  Who holds the bow and aims the dart?
Who is the only girl for me?
  Who fills my soul? Who owns my heart?
The mighty oak, the tender vine,
Which means the woman and the man;
Predestined by Jehovah's plan,
Unite to form a valentine.

Who joins to mine her heart and fate,
Her love I write to celebrate;
For I can see her dove-like eyes—
  My latest, dearest, best sweetheart!
And we are bound by holy ties,
  Too sacred to be torn apart.
O eyes of brown, surpassing far
The beauty of the morning star!
O liquid voice, more sweet to me
Than softest murmurs of the sea;
Yea, softer than the flute-notes low
Most skilful lips can ever blow!
O matchless love, from heaven sent

To make my restless soul content!
You came, dear heart, a golden gleam,
A breath of God!—a radiant dream—
To make my spirit free from strife,
  And live forever all for me;
To be my own, my precious wife,
  My loyal Valentine to be!

I sing this song for my only one,
  To her who gave up all for me;
My brightest gem, my fadeless sun,
  Who left her all to live with me:
For she eternally shall shine—
My everlasting Valentine!
And shall I write—"Remember me?"
She does not need such words to see.
No! No! Our sun of love can never set:
Our troth is signed and sealed; we *can't* forget.
And sweet and low, yet clear and strong,
  Hear o'er and o'er each faithful line—
Will ring the music of our song,
  The message of our valentine:
No fate from me my love can ever sever,
  What e'er in fitful life may be our lot,
She shall be mine, I shall be hers forever—
  What need have we to say—"Forget me not!"?
With joy I pen my closing line—
My Minnie is my Valentine!

FOUR MILE-STONES

The road of life I never found;
The goal of life I never knew;
But sadly roamed the world around—
Till I saw you!

The wealth of love was hid from me;
No dream of love came ever true,
Till, like the flood-time of the sea,
My heart loved you!

My pulse grew warm with quickened beat,
That thrilled my spirit thru and thru
With thoughts too sacred to repeat,
When I kissed you!

My life will larger, better grow,
And ever shine with radiant hue;
Love's sweetest message I will know—
When I wed you!

LOVE IS ALL

Upon his brow was stamped the mark of worth;
Within his veins there flowed the blood of kings;
Within his eyes there flashed the light of truth;
At his command was all that money brings.

And yet this favored youth did not rejoice;
In truth, his face expressed a constant pain:

I asked him whence his woe—he sadly said:
"Alas! I know not love—my life is vain!"

I knew another lad: no noble brow
Adorned his form; no wealth made smooth his life;
No eyes of fire; no kingly birth he claimed:
And yet his soul was sweet, and free from strife,

I marvelled at his smile so strangely sweet;
I asked him whence his joy, so full and bright:
He gladly said: "My heart is filled with love;
And love is all—it gives us life and light!"

LOVE'S SWEET DREAM

Brightest and best of all my golden fancies,
I prize a dream of long ago;
Nor can I hope, tho blissful be my future,
So dear, so sweet a dream to know:
It came when budding youth meets manhood's blossom,
And filled my soul with crimson light;
It came while sleep caressed my weary eyelids,
And put the shadows all to flight.

I seemed to roam along a crystal river,
As twilight kissed the dying day;
The weeping willows linked their arms together
Across the broad and shady way:
Upon the mossy banks bloomed countless daisies,
Which glistened in the sunset rare;
And, as I marvelled at these wondrous beauties,
There came to me this vision fair.

A slender form, without a moment's warning,
With gleaming hair, and dark-brown, soulful eyes,
I saw advance, with angel-tread, to meet me,
And pause to note my glad surprise.
"Who can you be? Why have you come, sweet sister?"
She softly said; "I thought you knew;
I am the one to whom your soul was wedded;
I came to love and live with you."

A BIRTHDAY VEIL

Now has come the blessèd day
Of Maggie's birth;
May it bring bright joys this day—
Sweet peace and mirth.
O may it larger freedom bring!
O may she soar on tireless wing!
O may she gladly, softly, sing!
What shall I bring my darling one?
What have I brought, when all is done?
Only a token—that is all—
Of the love that waits to hear you call.
What tho I sing my sweetest song,
What tho I sing the whole day long—
'Tis only a breath from my bursting soul,
Only a sigh I can not control;
Only a striving to express
My love in all its tenderness!

And yet, sweetheart, I bring to you
A token of my friendship true;
Emblem of love, so sweet and pure;

Emblem of love that shall endure.
Only a veil I bring to you;
Delicate veil of deepest blue!
What is the meaning—can you guess?
A veil between you and distress;
A veil to shield from grief and sin;
A veil from trouble to shut you in;
A veil to conceal you from jealous eyes;
A veil to all but the good and wise;
A veil to protect you from the storm
A veil to shield you from every harm;
A veil from evil to keep you free;
A veil to preserve you all for me.

But, ere I close, just let me say
What is the dream for which I pray—
O, weave my prayer in the veil of blue;
O, help to make my dream come true;
And let there never, never, be
A veil between your heart and me,
Your inmost heart, my love, and me!

EVENING ECHOES

Sweet is the story of Christ, the good Master,
Recorded in Scripture for you and for me;
Which tells us how Jesus blest with His presence
The wedding at Cana in far Galilee.

Dear are the scenes of my youth and my childhood,
Symbolic of loved ones first in my heart;
Bright pictures of beauty, long shall they linger,
Tho, guided by love, from my home I depart.

Bright is the future that beckons and calls us;
All glowing with hope and with faith and with joy:
Tho bright be the past, the future is brighter;
Yea, dearer, still dearer, and free from alloy.

Clear in the mind gleams a vision of rapture,
Where foes from without can never appal;
May Happiness crown the life of my sister;
While Love waves the scepter, with God over all!

MILDRED AND MEXICO

Alone I dream in the twilight, the hour of thought and of rest,
And my heart is filled with longing for the girl I love the best;
I am thinking of you, dear Mildred, so far away you seem;
Tho near, appearing distant, like the light of a vanished dream:
I am planning, dreaming, and longing to have you all my own;
To be my bosom-companion; my queen on a love-built throne.
Let love run its way, my sweetheart, and bring you quickly to me;
May love demolish all doubtings, and make us completely free.
Come, go with me, little Mildred, wherever I wish to go;
Far east to the coast of China, or to nearer Mexico.
What matters the place of our loving, if only love reigns there:

When love unites two lovers, it is paradise everywhere.
Then yield me your budding life, dear, and let us enjoy love's feast:
You are the last of all my sweethearts; the last, but not the least.
You are dearest of all the dear ones; sweetest of all the sweet—
It foretold the promise of mating when you and I did meet.

I'm longing to love and caress you, to have you all my own;
To call you my own forever, to know you as mine alone.
Only name the date and the place, dear; 'tis much to ask I know,
But so long has my heart been singing "Mildred and Mexico:"
For I love you, my precious Mildred, far more than you can guess;
As much as I love my life, sweetheart, I love you none the less.
Or, if you shrink from the journey, merely wait a year or so;
And bloom in your wealth of beauty, while I am in Mexico.
Just breathe me your wish, my Mildred, and let your little love grow;
And be my wife and sweetheart, either here or in Mexico.
May the God of all grace protect you, and make your life to shine
With the halo of heaven descending to make our lives divine.
I gladly pay you this tribute, and pray the Father above
To make your rich life radiant with the jewels of stainless love!

FOR YOU

If I could sing, I would sing a song—
  The sweetest that I knew—
I would sing that song the whole day long,
  For you, Sweetheart, for you.

If I could write, I would write a book—
  A story sweet and true—
And the pictures in my book would look
  Like you, my love, like you.

If I could draw, every lovely line,
  In all the work I drew—
Each famous line that would pass for mine
  Would all belong to you.

If I could sail, I would launch my boat
  Upon the waters blue;
And my gallant boat would safely float
  Because it carried you.

If I could build, I would build a shrine
  To last the ages thru;
And my golden shrine would stand and shine—
  My tribute, dear, to you.

But I can dream, and I often dream—
  O, may the dream come true!
For in my dream, I pursue the gleam
  Of you, bright eyes, of you.

I can live and toil thru long, long days;
And this I vow to do:
I'll fill my days with your honest praise;
I'll live and toil for you—
For you, dear heart, for you!

SYLVIA

Sweet nymph of the silent woodland!
I do not hear, but feel the music
Of thy graceful movements.
Thy soulful eyes, with azure depths unfathomable,
Thy rounded, rose-kissed lips, I see, I seek, I love!
Thy liquid voice is borne to me
Upon the pulse-beats of the trembling leaves,
In undertones, which hold condensed
The silvery sounds of countless little cataracts;
With every word a poem, every cadence a caress,
While thy compelling presence stirs the heart
To all the poetry of stainless love.
Who could see and hear and feel
The marks of thy magnetic soul, and yet refrain
From love-filled thoughts of voiceless adoration?
Star of my star-stirred soul! Inspiringly you shine!
Pray, tho' thy heart to me is cold, allow me still
To dream of thee!
O let thy sweet, unsullied soul
Guide my soul upward!
Let thy pure thoughts
Reach and redeem all that is base in me!

O let me love thee, Sylvia!
So much it means of God-like growth,
Tho' naught to thee,
"Love, tho' love be given in vain,"—so reads Lucile—
"Is yet lovely."
Therefore, I will love thee!
Dear child of the friendly forest!
The lofty trees; the velvet moss;
All varieties of shady shrubbery,
The lichen-covered rocks, the leafy carpetings
Of glade and glen, the voices of the birds and beasts,
The trailing vines, the dear, romantic mistletoe,
The mountain peaks, majestic and sublime,
The gorges, deep and wonderful,
The murmuring music of the forest streams,
The paths which make their winding ways
Beneath the overhanging and embracing boughs—
All these are friends of thine—for they were comrades
Of thine infancy and childhood. Endearing love
Both lives and rules between thy self and these:
Then wilt thou be my guide, fair forest-nymph,
To lead me thru these woodland wilds
So large and beautiful, and yet all thick beset
With dangers, doubts and questionings?
Sweet Sylvia, be my friend, Platonic, if you please;
And thru my weary wanderings
Still lead me on!
How glorious it is to walk abreast of thee,
Angelic minister of hope and guidance,
Divinely sent to cheer and guard

A soul perplexed amid the forest gloom!
Dear Sylvia, let me say once more, lead thou me on to rest:
Forsake me not, at least,
Until I reach the open fields, where victory awaits
The wayward child she lost long, long ago
In the depths of the darksome wilderness!

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN KEY

The door of my soul is my heart;
And love is the golden key
That can push aside the bars that hide
The hall that leads to me.

I muse in my dwelling alone,
As I watch the sunset-glow;
And my dreams abound in words that sound
Like tones I used to know.

I hear the steps of departed years,
Like echoes of long ago;
But by-gone years, with their bitter tears,
Bring no surcease to woe.

But now I breathe the crystal air—
The air that makes one free—
And the bracing air, with its tonic rare,
Is making a man of me.

I am singing a song of peace—
The music I love the best—
And the song of peace and the soul's release,
Is lulling me to rest.

'Tis a song that lovers sing,
By the shores of a distant sea;
And the song I sing is sure to bring
Life's sweetness back to me.

A song from a silver shore,
With a melody sweet and strong;
From the gleaming strand where the lovers stand,
And forever sing love's song.

The door of my heart was fast,
And darkness was over me;
But the barriers fast gave away at last
At the touch of the golden key.

But I sing no more, tho' the open door
Has set my spirit free;
For I now rejoice to hear the voice
Of her who brought the key.

I will love and caress and always bless
The girl of the golden key;
For I see the light of a vision bright,
And Eunice sings to me.

OUR LOVE STORY

Prologue

We dwelt many miles apart,
And we knew each other not at all,
For years and years;
And then we had a sweet romance,
As delightful as a poet's dream,
Which may be told in seven chapters,
Which read as follows:

Chapter I

We met:
Exactly as any other two might meet,
Quietly and unexpectedly, in a small country church—
A clergyman and a little girl—
And it was Easter, when all the earth is glad:
Neither strange nor significant seemed our meeting—
We simply met;
And looked into each other's eyes, and spoke, and shook hands—
That was all.

Chapter II

We worked:
Together in the church, as pastor and parishioner,
Just as many others have worked;
And there was nothing unusual whatever—
We merely worked.
The youthful minister, and the childlike maiden;

And we walked around, conversing as we went,
To see the members of the flock, and often
We were together, preparing programs for the church—
And that was all.

Chapter III

We parted:
The preacher kept on preaching,
And was busily engaged with all the duties of his office;
But the little girl went far away to a distant state,
To visit her relatives, and stayed five months;
And we missed each other, that is, in our work;
And letters passed between us occasionally,
Chiefly about the affairs of the church;
And we were only friends—
That is about all.

Chapter IV

We rejoiced:
Because we met again, in the same little church,
And the minister was the same; a man mature
Tho young; yet seeming older than his years:
But she was not a little girl, but a woman;
For the brook had grown into a river,
Within five months, or, we may say,
The rose was now in bloom, and sweet and beautiful—
And we rejoiced;
For we were very glad to meet again,
So that we might work together once more—
But that was not all.

Chapter V

We loved:
Just why I can not tell, nor when, nor how much;
For it seemed a lovely growth, rich and powerful:
Our sincere and passionless friendship
Rapidly ripened into love, pure and passionate.
I dare not try explain the fact mysterious—
But we loved;
With love as stainless as the love of saints;
Yet strong as bars of highly-tempered steel;
And frequently and long we looked into each other's eyes,
And, with speechless joy, beheld the love-light, strong and tender,
Burning ceaselessly, and all aglow with yearning;
And our hearts waxed warm, and warmer, warmer;
And life grew radiant with larger meaning:
But warmth of heart and wealth of life were very far
From being all.

Chapter VI

We kissed:
Yes, we are sure we did; for we remember it quite well:
It was night, and we were driving; all alone, of course;
And the top way up, and the curtains down, certainly;
And our lips met, yes, more than once, perhaps many times;
And our love was sealed, sacredly sealed, with osculation;
And we gazed longingly into each other's eyes,
And, in spite of the darkness, saw the gleam of the love-light;
And we held each other's hands; for the horse was gentle.

And seemed weary, and walked very slowly:
We remember it quite well: our arms were about each other;
And the brown head of the parishioner
Rested contentedly upon the shoulder of her pastor—
And we kissed—
Just as men and women, and little boys and girls,
Have kissed, again and again, for centuries;
But we were happy, wondrously happy;
Just as happy as if we had been the very first
Who ever kissed.
And we listened to the murmuring music of each other's voices,
And watched the love-light brightly shining amid the shadows—
And that was all;
Or, nearly all.

Chapter VII

We married:
The clergyman and the little girl, the maiden and the minister,
The pastor and parishioner, the man and woman;
So that we might work together for the souls of men:
In the same small church, where we had met
Not years before, but only a few months—
'Twas there we mated:
And the little church, which looms so large to us,
Was called, "Immanuel," which means "God with us"—
And we felt His presence and holy benediction.

As quietly and composedly as we had met,
We married;
Tho our hearts, with bliss eternal and divine,
Were wildly throbbing:
And we are living now, my precious wife and I,
Quietly and happily and usefully;
And God with little ones has blessed our happy home,
With the glorious music of their sorrowless laughter,
That we may cherish and caress them,
And lead them after us along the path of truth;
And every day our love becomes more deep and strong and true,
And life more large and beautiful and good;
And this chapter we are reciting every day
To all our friends, and to all we know,
And to all who make our little world;
And it is the longest chapter, and the sweetest, and the best,
Of our love story.
And this is all:
Yes, this is all.

REGINALD C. AMOS L. EDWARD S.

SONS OF REV. EDWARD BARBER AND MILDRED W. BARBER

BOOK V

HUMOR

NASHVILLE SMOKE

"The Athens of the South!" Thy well known name
Is well deserved. Long live the lofty fame
Thy letters bring!
Thy learning I adore: thy worth I praise
With highest joy; yea, in poetic lays,
I fain would sing.

Yet I confess, of all thy varied scenes,
I notice most the smoke that intervenes—
Thy sable cloak,
That veils my path, and fills the crowded streets:
Tho home one stays, or far he roams, he meets
Abundant smoke.

Oft at my desk I yield to blissful dreams,
When o'er me flow broad, steady, endless streams,
That hide the light:
They fill my throat, my nose, my ears, my eyes—
Far worse than locusts, frogs, or hail, or flies,
Or Egypt's night!

Sometimes I wake from troubled, restless sleep
To find a fog that makes me rave and weep,
And almost choke:
The densest haze pervades the murky air;
Enough to make the staunchest heart despair—
'Tis Nashville smoke!

And when from smoky Nashville I depart,
I know I'll bear upon my shriveled heart
The memory dear
Of smoke, so greasy, vile, and densely dark;
For it will clearly make its cloudy mark,
I have no fear.

But, soon, ah, soon, this cultured town I'll leave;
And for its smoky precincts never grieve—
Faith, 'tis no joke!
For I shall seek to wend my placid way
Far, far remote, from smoke that comes to stay—
Plutonian smoke!

BLUFFING JIM

The Freshman class is out, and now, with happy shout,
The eager boys are rushing out to play;
While passing thru the door, one said, as oft before,
"See, boys, how well I bluffed my way!"

They called him "Bluffing Jim," for 'twas his favorite whim
To make believe of learning he had store;
He in himself believed, and yet was self-deceived—
His trick he knew, and nothing more.

Still Jim had no fear, made his classes year by year,
From care and culture both alike was free;
For his father's wealth helped to keep his grades in health—
So "Bluffing Jim" got his degree.

Next of Jim B.A. we saw, was when his highness took
up law—
He surely moved beneath a lucky star—
And, strange as it may seem, passed all barriers like a
dream
And was admitted to the bar.

"Bluffing Jim" soon became a leader in the swim,
Still bluffing, as he'd bluffed so oft before;
And, without half-trying, beat his brother-lawyers
lying—
Then ran for Judge with hope galore.

But the legal lights descrying Jim was far too fond of
lying,
Closed to him the Judge's door;
For the truth must season lying, when at bluffing one
is trying:
Jim was all a lie—from skin to core!

Jim, at last, lost standing, met with common repri-
manding,
And faced with tears his tearful fate:
With bluffing strictly on the bum, Jim wished his
missing ship would come;
Wished to reform, but wished too late.

Grieved, forlorn, and broken-hearted, Jim, at last, this
life departed—
Still, still he lies, as oft before!—
Tempted reader, think enough not to lead a life of bluff;
For bluffing Jim now bluffs no more!

BOOK VI

PATHOS

THE YEARNING FOR REMEMBRANCE

When I shall sink to dreamless sleep,
And breathless lie;
While angels loving vigil keep,
And God is nigh;
When silent night shall softly creep
Across the sky—
Will one be found for me to weep,
And breathe a sigh!

Tho dead, shall I yet live to *one?*
Tho I depart,
When all my struggles here are done;
Tho I shall start
For realms which need no glowing sun—
Shall Cupid's dart
Yet pierce and hold the place I won
In one true heart?

When my cold form is in the ground;
Far, far away;
And I am lost to sight and sound—
When I am clay—
In this large world shall one be found
One word to say
Of kind regret, and on my mound
One flower to lay?

When many, many days have flown,
And grass shall grow
Above my grave, shall it be mown
By one I know?
Shall one I've loved, and loved alone,
In life's full glow,
Remain still true; be still my own?
Shall *her* tears flow?

When I shall reach the heavenly land;
At Heaven's gate,
May I not take my hopeful stand,
To watch and wait
For one who gave her trusting hand
To be my mate?
Will she not walk the golden strand?
Will she be late?

DEATH OF REV. FRANKLIN SMITH LEHMAN

Cut down in youth's glad, buoyant day,
While hope was bright;
And love rejoiced to bless his way
With sacred light!
Could not his soul one moment stay,
Ere taking flight?
Could not his life be spared to slay
The foes of right?

And has he sunk to dreamless sleep?—
So *young* to die!

The sternest heart full well might weep,
And breathe a sigh:
And yet how sweet his slumber deep,
While ages fly!
His soul the angels guard and keep—
His home, the sky!

My friend, 'tis hard from thee to part:
Could death's harsh rod
Make still the throbbing of thy heart;
Thy form a clod?
Thy body rests, slain by death's dart,
Beneath the sod:
Thy soul, long since, with joy did start
To dwell with God!

HE KNOWETH BEST

Why did the Father take away
Our little one?
Thru blinding tears 'tis hard to say—
"Thy will be done!"
We know that God is love; and yet,
It seems the sun of life has set.

The way is dark; but God is just—
He took His own—
And we would bow in childlike trust
Before His throne.
Tho narrow seems the pathway straight,
We still believe, and hope, and wait.

It may be that the Will Divine,
Thru Death's dark door,
Doth seek to make our hearts combine
To love Him more:
Not here, but in the *heavenly* land,
We'll see, and know, and understand.

A voice rings out, as clear as day,
Across death's sea—
"O Father, Mother, come this way:
Oh, come to me!"
Implicit faith can bear the test;
For God is wise: He knoweth best.

WHERE IS MY BOY?

With tenderest care a mother stowed away
Such things she thought her boy would need;
She prayed by night, and sewed, and packed by day,
And smiled; altho her heart did bleed:
At last she saw him sail—her boy so free—
In beauty dawned the first of May;
The day on which his ship put out to sea—
And, as she wept, was heard to say:
"Good-by, my boy! my own, dear boy!
God bless and keep you from all ill!
Be good, my precious boy, and fill my heart with joy;
Remember me, and love me still!"

Year after year rolled slowly by, and yet
There came no word across the deep;

It seemed the mother's sun of life had set,
And oft in vain she tried to sleep—
"Where is my boy? I know he can't forget,
Tho years on gliding years may creep,
His mother's love; and I shall see him yet—
O Lord, O Lord, my darling keep."
"Where is my boy, my darling boy;
Where, O where, is my first-born son?
Where'er my darling be, Lord, bring him back to me,
Before the race of life is run!"

A mother's jet-black hair is touched with gray,
Yet hope shines in her saddened eyes;
A sturdy man is hastening up the way—
She rushes out in glad surprise:
Tho great the change, she sees in him her boy,
The very same she saw depart;
She meets him now with cries of thrilling joy,
And clasps him to her throbbing heart.
"Here is my boy! my precious boy!
I knew he could not break my heart;
For he has come to me across the stormy sea,
And we will never, never part!"

TENNESSEE IN TEARS

(A tribute to Senator E. W. Carmack)

The strongest voice for civic righteousness
In all the South is hushed! By violence
Undeserved, the sweet, majestic music
Of Carmack's clear appeal for temperance,

Truth and Justice was rudely, quickly stilled.
The sable cloud of deepest grief o'erhangs
The cultured land of sunny Tennessee.

From poverty obscure he rose, by toil
Incessant and intense, to stand, and fight
For all that freedom's loyal sons hold dear:
"He stood foursquare to all the winds that blew!"
Not only in the limelit Senate-hall,
Nor yet alone upon the published page,
But in the hearts of those who knew him best,
He brightly shone: and all the nation mourns!

O Christian statesman and forensic star,
O champion of the sacred, deathless truth,
Our land needs more like thee! Heroic heart,
Beneath Columbia's groves, sleep on! Rest well,
Brave, stainless soul! Thou art not dead! Thru thee
A host shall rise, to cherish and espouse
The cause made holy by thy martyrdom!

OUR FALLEN CHAMPION

(In Memory of Bishop Seth Ward)

In the Athens of the South,
Last March, two years ago, at Tulip Street,
We looked on his commanding form, and heard
His gospel-laden voice,
Strong, musical, and majestic.
Our soul was stirred to holier desires,

As we gazed into his eyes and grasped his hand.
The earnest talk upon the car remains with us—
A blessèd memory
Of this Texan prince, this most manly man.

This princely soul, of strong, heroic mould,
Came into note at Galveston's great flood;
Then quickly rose to be a leader of leaders.
Sweet-spirited, great-hearted, and magnetic—
His type is rare.
In manhood's prime, while richer grew his life,
And wider spread his sphere of usefulness,
Far, far away from wife and child,
He fell on sleep!
Our stricken church can not refrain
From tears for him;
Nor prayers and tears for those dear ones
Who mourn his loss.

In far Japan, dead at his post, he fell!
Silent, still, and cold in the Sunrise land,
Where he wrought so well!
Nay, our belovèd has but gone before;
Into the Sunrise Kingdom of our God;
Beyond the sunset and the evening star—
Where night shall be no more.

UNFAILING PINIONS

(A Tribute to Wilbur Wright)

Ah! The rarest bird of aviation
Has flown beyond the aerial ocean!
He who rose to dizzy elevations
Undazed; who sailed upon uncharted seas
Unharmed, had barely won enduring fame
When called to voyage unto vaster realms,
And read God's riddles in a grander world.
Who knows through what dense nebula he soared
To regions remote and heights supernal;
In what phantom aeroplane, swift as light,
Safe-driven by some tireless, mystic motor;
Far-flying through strange sidereal spaces,
On enchanting flights of exploration—
Forever floating on ethereal wings!

I WANT TO REST

Far from toil and strife,
And all the surging cares of life,
I want to rest:
Free from the weight of sin,
And all the ills that hem me in,
I long for rest.
My brain is tired, my body weary;
My heart is sad, and my life is dreary:
Take me away from the world and its care;
Let me alone to the forest repair—
Do let me rest.

Deep in the shade of the oak and the pine,
Where the bright sunlight never will shine,
I want to sleep:
My eyelids are heavy, and I've labored in vain;
There's naught for me here except sorrow and pain—
I fain would sleep.
Leave me to rest while the day is declining;
Leave me alone while my heart is repining;
Leave me to dream on the dry leaves reclining—
There let me sleep.
Disturb not my dreams when at last I am sleeping;
Awake me no more to the world and its weeping—
Just let me rest.
Let burdens no longer my body encumber;
Arouse not my mind to earth's cares without number;
Far in the forest, in peace, let me slumber;
Long let me rest.
Come not for the sake of some secret disclosing;
Invade not the woodland where I am reposing—
But let me rest.
No heart ever grieves in the embrace of the leaves—
Sweet shall I rest.
The stars, while I sleep, will untiring watch keep—
Safe shall I rest.
O let the day close, for I long for repose—
I want to rest.

BOOK VII

SPECIAL SUBJECTS

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

We sing of a valley long and wide,
  Lying far to the North of the Golden Gate;
And we take in our Valley an honest pride—
  Most lovely Vale of a lovely State!

At the City of Roses the plains begin,
  Extending southward thru meadows green;
Embracing Salem and the Hub of Linn,
  Then reaching onward beyond Eugene.

The Coast Range forms the western line,
  Surrounding Corvallis with hills and glades;
While Lebanon nestles 'neath fir and pine,
  At the base of the high Cascades.

Eight snow-capped peaks may at times be seen
  Thru the sea-moist, sun-kissed air;
No autumnal gold nor vernal green
  But ice reigns eternal there!

Three Sisters stand in the far South-East,
  Close bound in a cold embrace;
No stain of sin and no need of priest
  In each shining upturned face.

Toward the vivid, tho distant East,
  And the North-East, too, when the view is good
Poetic souls may forever feast
  On the snow-crowned Jefferson and Hood.

When the sky is free from cloud and haze,
Again North-Eastward fix your gaze:
Like lonely, sleepless sentinels appear
St. Helens, Adams, and far Ranier.

Just a voice from the valley we love so well,
  Thru winters mild and summers bright;
Just a glimpse of the paradise where we dwell,
  And sing to our hearts' delight.

Field and forest and peak and vale,
  And Willamette, our noblest stream,—
Each says to our listening souls, all hail,
  As ye live and toil and dream.

We have the fairest skies beneath the sun,
In the dear old State of Oregon;
And long will the Willamette River flow,
While roses bloom 'mid eternal snow!

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN

We stood on the pier as she left us,
  And crossed San Francisco Bay;
But we knew not the Eastern waters,
  Where her distant haven lay:
Yet we waited and watched and cheered her,
  As her sails spread full and free,
Till she swept thru the Golden Gateway,
  And fearlessly put to sea.

Then we thought of another voyage—
The time in the Father's plan
For leaving the Harbor of Boyhood
For the mystic Port of Man:
Tho not all may follow him thither,
To aid him in every strife;
All may cheer the brave little Captain
Who sails for the Larger Life.

VOICES FROM OLD VIRGINIA

Long I lived in Old Virginia,
And her name grew sweeter still
Than the fragrance of her forests,
Clothing mountain, vale, and hill.
Voices clear, from Old Virginia,
Gently, gently, speak to me
Of her rivers and her roses,
Where all loveliness reposes;
Of the Blue Ridge and the sea.

Years I toiled in Old Virginia,
In the Old Dominion State;
In the nursery of genius,
In the cradle of the great.
Voices low, from Old Virginia,
Sweetly, sweetly, sing to me
Of her soldiers, bards, and sages,
Gleaming bright on deathless pages;
Of her Washington and Lee.

Oft I think of Old Virginia—
Now so many miles away—
Of her far-famed Peaks af Otter,
And her Caverns of Luray.
Voices deep, from Old Virginia,
Softly, softly, breathe to me
Of her bravery, brains, and beauty;
Of her loyalty to duty;
Of her struggles to be free.

Voices call from Old Virginia;
Voices with enchanting names,
From her Bridge of Rock eternal,
And from Richmond on the James.
Voices call from Old Virginia,
Like the music of the sea;
Like the sweet romantie story
Of her never-dying glory—
Of her sacredness to me!

THE KNIGHT OF THE WAGON ROAD

We sing of a knight who never wore mail—
A knight of recent years—
Who thru the wilderness blazed a trail
For thousands of pioneers.

We sing of a woman, sweet and brave,
A bride of rarest mould;
Who toiled with her husband a race to save—
Narcissa, with locks of gold.

We follow our knight o'er the Rockies' crest,
Far from his dear abode;
We see him guiding a host North-West—
This knight of the Wagon Road.

We would tenderly veil the tragic scene,
Where the mission-band was slain:
They went the way of the Nazarene,
As martyrs in his train.

We sing of all the heroic souls,
Who heeded the Western call;
But, for the land where the Oregon rolls,
Whitman wrought best of all!

WALLA WALLA, WASH.

Perhaps you have roamed for many years,
Weary and sad, in quest of rest:
But yet you may find a balm for your mind—
The lure of the Great Northwest.

You will reach, we trust, a noble vale,
Where your life will be full and sweet;
A Paradise true near the Mountains Blue—
The town "Where the Waters Meet."

But a few short miles from Whitman's grave,
You will learn from the blood-bought Past;
Near a storied stream you will toil and dream,
And come to your best at last.

We love this Valley of grain and fruit,
This home of the old and the new:
We will here abide and be satisfied;
For all that one wants is YOU.

FINCASTLE, VA.

(A Retrospect and a Prophecy)

All golden is her past!
Rich relics rare of dear and distant days
Their shadows cast
Upon her now, and fill her lips with praise.

In ante-bellum years she reached her prime—
Her brilliant fame spread far—
You should have known her in the good old time,
"Before the War."

Sweet fragrance of the old régime still fills
Our town with Southern grace;
And makes our home, among Virginia's hills,
A charming place.

And yet, we must confess,
The railroad came just near enough to stay
Our trade: with Troutville six long miles away
We face distress.

The County Court
Meets here, and here forever let it meet!
Fincastle shall remain the county-seat
Of dear old Botetourt.

Our name is widely known:
Far, far away, and from a warmer zone
Fair tourists come with spirits high and gay—
And come to stay!

This is our lasting wealth:
The mineral water, and the bracing air,
The long, romantic drives, with tonics rare,
Imparting health.

Fincastle sleeps upon her seven hills,
With fast-closed eyes!
But she shall feel again life's magic thrills—
She shall awake and rise!

Yes, yes, 'twill not be long:
The iron horse shall neigh upon her streets;
While golden past with golden future meets
In one grand song.

No, reader, 'tis no joke!
The trolley cars shall run along these roads—
Full cars, and all alive with living loads
From Roanoke.

The treasured Past is gone;
With memories priceless, sacred, and sublime!
But we proclaim another glorious time;
Soon, soon to dawn!

ALDERSON, W. VA.

Great cities oft receive one's choice,
The country oft one's frown;
But we would choose, with gladsome voice,
To praise the little town.

The main line of the C. & O.,
Extending east and west,
Booms many towns, as all may know;
But Alderson is best.

The Greenbriar, with its winding stream,
Our little town divides:
Its waters clear as crystal seem,
As on its way it glides.

The Alderson Academy
Adorns one-half our town;
Beyond the bridge, the A. C. I,
From lofty walls looks down.

While Japs and Russians fiercely fight,
We learn the arts of peace;
And, walking in such mental light,
One thinks of ancient Greece.

We know that other towns may claim
Far finer sights to show;
But let them boast, we're not to blame—
We live, and move, and grow.

THE TRINITY OF DEATH

A multitude throngs a transatlantic pier
To see the Pride of the White Star Line,
The unsinkable vessel that mocks at fear,
As she ploughs thru the billowy brine:
The incomparable greyhound now starts on her way,
While a cheer bursts forth from every lip—
From hearts as light as her spray—
And Neptune meanwhile receives with a smile
The Titantic, the matchless ship.

Full twenty-three hundred, including the crew,
Enrolled for her maiden trip;
But three other passengers whom no one knew,
Boldly embarked on that fated ship;
True, they paid no fare, for it is not their way;
Their way is to fleece, decoy and bleed:
Tho they had little to say,
This mystic three often chuckled with glee,
As they marked her wonderful speed.

Colossal, swift, superb—the best it is claimed
That money and brains could invent;
And surely not here is the company blamed
For their wisdom and good intent:
She provided all comforts the heart could ask—
This tribute is due the good White Star—
Well done was their Titan-task—
With wings swift and strong she sped like a song
For her harbor awaiting afar.

Yet was a dearth in that equipment splendid;
Life boats were scarce and life-rafts few;
Criminal folly with recklessness blended,
In this mad race o'er the waters blue:
Throughout her appointments and furnishings rare,
She pictured the life of a small-sized town;
And not a soul had a care;
For none had a fear that danger was near—
Such a ship could never go down!

Oft in luxurious suites these demons would stay,
And thence would issue their dire commands;
And often at night they engaged in their play,
With pearls of life in their bloodless hands:
What tho the wireless signalled the ice-berg zone,
What tho the ice-fields now chilled the air—
Little recked this godless Three;
With unbated breath they gambled with death
And defied the God of the Sea!

Near twenty-three knots every perilous hour
The good ship makes in her heedless flight;
And her watchers rejoice in her peerless power,
In the calm of that cold, starry night:
A collision at midnight gives birth to fears,
But the sailors laugh and joke and drink—
Ice-chips serve as souvenirs—
The awakened guest returns to his rest,
Not dreaming the craft can sink.

Scarce two hours go by ere the passengers feel,
Yes they *feel* that the ship is filling;

For the flood rushes in thru her shattered keel,
Her fate into their hearts instilling:
A rush for life-boats and for life-rafts is made,
But alas! What a few were found there!
And the Titanic goes down!
While cries of despair float far on the air,
The life-belt is but the death-gown!

The Death-angel unveils the coward and knaves,
Who boasts and struts with protruded breast;
He also reveals the gallant and brave—
He makes known both the worst and the best.
All hail to the heroes who feared not the wave,
And sunk to their honored rest!
In the icy brine, knee-deep,
Brave bandsmen in pain played strain after strain,
As they fell on their final sleep!

In horror we turn from that terrible sight,
The heartless berg and the hungry sea;
The agonized partings, the pitiful plight,
The lonely days that are yet to be;
Too dark is the picture for brush as for pen
Save for the eyes of The Tyrants Three,
Where pity comes not to light
For the voiceless surprise of tearless eyes—
The loss of sixteen hundred men!

But those demons survive that horrible scene,
Unscathed by the sea-god's heavy toll;
And they suffer no sorrows at all I ween:
For they possess neither heart nor soul

To make a record and get the golden trade—
This is their changeless merciless creed—
O when will their glory fade?
Will none count the cost of lives that are lost
By Presumption and Pride and Greed?

But blame it not all on the White Star Line,
Rather blame the spirit of the age;
Epitomized spirit, which is yours and mine,
Rebellious against prophet and sage:
We rush thru the air, o'er the earth and the brine;
And we forfeit ourselves in our rage.
Can progress find no release?
Must lives be sold to the Deity Gold?
Will the senseless sale never cease?

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

Departing day, with graceful, noiseless tread,
Pursues her path of lingering light;
Pure pink and gold combine with rosy-red,
To hail the hour that brings twilight:
The hum of life subsides, while angels close
The gates that guard the glowing west;
The sleeping earth invites to sweet repose—
All nature calls her sons to rest.

Then welcome soft twilight—so cool, calm, and sweet!
Thou child of dreaming day and sable night!
All hail to the hallowed hour, when sun and shadows meet:
Thou pearl of priceless pearls; thrice blessed twilight!

Rest well, O weary sons of weary earth,
Your hours of toil and tears forget;
Disease and sin have cursed you from your birth;
Fatigue and pain would linger yet:
But, in the sacred peace of twilight's hour,
Forsake all weariness and woe;
Take heart and soul unto that Higher Power,
That gives the healing afterglow.

The twilight lifts my thought above this world—
I can not cling to sordid dust—
I soar aloft with every sail unfurled,
And search for God with child-like trust:
I quickly mount and dwell in regions rare,
Where I commune with the Divine;
And face to face I meet my Father there,
And live and grow in God's sunshine.

The day of strife is o'er and now, at last,
We lay our blood-stained armor down;
The shame of sin, the groans of grief are past—
We only wait the victor's crown:
The shadows fall, but we can thru them see
The glory on the other side;
O, Lord, our hearts are firmly fixed on Thee;
Thru light and shade dost Thou abide!

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

Not to the great, the wise, the good,
  Not to a clique nor clan;
But to the common brotherhood
  Which binds us man to man:
Not to the swift, not to the strong,
  Nor those of mighty plan—
These closing lines to such belong
  As do the best they can.

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